"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

The Christian Freeman.

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UNITARIANISM IN LIFE AND IN DEATH.

The following extract is taken from a work recently published, under the title of "Five Years within the Golden Gate," by Isabella Saxon. The "Golden Gate" is the local designation of the chief entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. In describing the different places of worship in that flourishing city, the authoress, who is a member of the English Establishment, proceeds thus:—"The new Unitarian church is a handsome building, erected at the instance and under the auspices of the lamented philanthropist, the Rev. Thomas Starr King. This gentleman was the author of a work upon the White Mountains. Born of good family, he was still essentially a self-made man, and rose from the obscure position of a country schoolmaster to an eminence which caused his death, at the early age of forty years, to be mourned by a whole continent. His obsequies were celebrated with national honours. Of the labours of this liberal-hearted minister in the cause of humanity and progress it might be irrelevant to speak here. He was the mainspring of that world-famous "sanitary Commission," which performed so much in mitigating the horrors of the late war; and it was chiefly in labouring for that and similar objects that he sacrificed his life. As an orator, scholar, philanthropist, patriot, and gentleman, his name is the boast of California. His liberality raised the noble edifice which became the monument of that eminent man. The high tone of the character which in all things followed the Christian rule, "Do as you would be done by," was in nothing better evidenced than by his dying remark:—"Do not suffer your church to get into debt, for it is my monument," he observed to the mourning members of his congregation around his deathbed. The writer, herself an Episcopalian, cannot forbear remarking to the readers of another continent a sublime death-scene of far California. While sorrowing friends stood around bathed in tears, with his eyes fixed on the loved forms of his wife and daughter, and especially on his last treasure, his infant and only son, so soon to be deprived of the inestimable benefit of such a father's example and protection, the expiring champion of humanity calmly employed his failing powers in the enunciation of his favourite psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;" recited it to the end, and died with its last words still trembling on his lips. The Christian world generally is loud in its condemnation of the Unitarian creed. What creed, most presumptuous in its arrogation of acceptance before the Almighty, could present in any of its votaries a purer life, a sublimer or more triumphant death? I recollect a striking remark made on the subject with the usual shrewdness of childhood, by a little girl, shortly after the death of Mr. King. Her relatives were speaking of his religious faith to some friends at their table, lamenting the peculiar tenets of the Unitarian Society, as is customary with many well-disposed persons who would be better exercised in recalling that beautiful prayer of Pope's:—

> "Let not this weak unknowing hand
> Presume Thy bolts to throw,
> Or deal damnation round the land
> On all I judge Thy foe."

The child in question looking up in her mother's face inquired, "Mamma, was not Mr. King a Christian?" "No, my dear," was the bigotted reply, "he was an *infidel*." The child paused a moment or two, as if lost in thought. At length, 'Mamma," she continued, "Do infidels say, '*The Lord is my Shepherd?*'"

ONLY ONE FAULT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

This is a story, such I seldom write—this life of hers—one that cannot be ended by happy reunions and the sweet sound of marriage bells; but there are too many such stories in the world to be quietly passed over, if, haply, there be any warning in them. The lives of others are, if we read them rightly, the best sermons ever preached, and this of Ruth Holly's is only too true. Yet it began very sweetly, like some old pastoral poem. She loved, and was beloved again, and the man she loved had *only one fault*. He was young, he was brave, he was witty, he was handsome, he was generous; his love was devotion, his friendship no lukewarm thing of words; he had great talent and great power. Sweet, loving, beautiful Ruth, to whom he had plighted his troth, and wooed in verse and song, and with his most eloquent eyes, long before he put his passion into words; but so did not think Ruth Martin's father. This one fault of Edward Holly's overshadowed his virtues in his eyes, and he refused him his daughter's hand, giving him the reason why, plainly, and not kindly.

"You'll be a drunkard yet, Ned Holly," said the old man, shaking his head sternly. "I've seen men of genius go the same road before. I've often said I'd rather have no talent in my family, since it seems to lead so surely to dissipation."

So the dashing man of letters felt himself insulted, and retorted hotly, and the two were enemies.

Ruth suffered bitterly; she loved her father, and she loved Edward; to disobey her parent, or break her lover's heart, seemed the only choice offered her.

She met her lover by stealth, against her father's will; but for a long while she resented his entreaties to marry him in defiance of the old man's refusal. At last, angered by her persistence in obedience, Edward accused her of fearing to share the fortunes of one comparatively poor—one who must carve his own way up life's steep hill without assistance. The unmerited reproach sunk deeply into her warm heart, and in a sudden impulse of tenderness and sympathy, she gave him the promise he had so long sought in vain. They were married. To her father, Ruth wrote a long and loving letter, imploring his forgiveness, but the answer crushed all hope within her bosom.

"As you sow, so must you reap," were the words the old man wrote. "I have no longer a daughter." And Ruth knew that henceforth (for she had been motherless for years), she had in all the world only the husband for whom she had sacrificed fortune, and, what is worth far more, the tender protection of a father.

In those early days Edward did his best to make amends for all, and she was so proud of him, and so fond of him, that she soon forgot to grieve.

She heard his name uttered in praise by all. She knew that he had but to keep steadily on, to mount to the proudest seat in fame's high temple, and for a year she had no fear of his faltering. Now and then a feverish something in his voice and manner, a strange light in his eye, a greater flow of eloquence in his talk, and a more passionate demonstration of love for her than usual, told that he was under the influence of wine, but the fact only seemed to enhance his power of fascination; never was he so brilliant, never so handsome. Almost could Ruth have laughed at the sermons preached by temperance folks of the harm sure to follow wine drinking.

If the story could end here, the true story of Ruth Holly's life, it would be almost a happy one; but, alas, the sunny slope down which it seemed so easy to glide daily grew darker as the years flew on. How they began to tell her the fate before her Ruth hardly knew.

A little flush of shame came first when his step was unsteady and his voice too loud. Then a grieved tear or two when he was unreasonable. Then a sorrow that kept her heart aching night and day; for the man who had first won inspiration from the glass now lost it in its depths.

Debts grew and credit lessened; the handsome suite of rooms were exchanged for one quite shabby. Ruth's dress became poverty-stricken, and her husband was out at elbows and at toes—he was intoxicated from morning until night, and yet she loved him and clung to him, and in his sober moments he loved her as fondly as ever. Sometimes the old strength and the old hope would be aroused in him, and he would try to regain his lost position, but it was all in vain; and five years from

her wedding day Ruth found herself with her one remaining child—the first had died within a year of its birth—in the dingiest of wretched tenement houses, in a state bordering on beggary.

He had broken every vow—he neither cherished nor protected her. His worldly goods he had given to that ravenous demon, drink; his love had become a something scarcely worth having; and yet she loved him and clung to him. She tried to feel cold and hard to him, but she could not; she strove to remember the blow he had given her, the oaths he had uttered, but she answered herself as she did so "It was not he who did it, it was rum." She listened to the uncertain, reeling footstep in the street below, and burst into tears.

"My poor darling," she whispered, as she thought some grievous calamity had smitten him into the thing he was, and he had not himself "put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brain," unmindful of her pleading, unmindful of her woe and shame. She thought of him reeling helplessly along the street, and feared that some harm would come to him.

Then she threw her warm shawl over her head, and hastened down the street, busy this late Saturday night with market-going people of the poorer classes.

A little way before her reeled the handsome broad-shouldered figure of her husband, and she a lady bred and born, fastidious, elegant, accomplished, reared in luxury, heard poor labourer's wives warn their children to beware of the "drunken fellow."

As soon as she could she gained his side and called to him by name.

"Edward! Edward!"

He turned and stood unsteadily, looking at her in a bewildered way.

"You!" he said, "You ought to be at home this time of night."

"So ought we both," said Ruth; "Come dear."

He threw her hand off.

"I'm my own master," he said; "I'm not tied to any woman's apron string!" and staggered away again. Again and again she tried to bring to his mind some lingering memory of the past days, when his love and protection had been hers. In vain; wild fancies filled his brain. Sometimes he thrust her from him, sometimes he gave her a maudling embrace, and bade her bring him more liquor, but go home he would not. So benumbed had Ruth grown, so cold to the very heart was she, that the power of motion had almost deserted her, when at last, as the church clock not far away tolled the hour of four, the degraded man staggered to his feet and reeled homeward. She followed feebly; only by clinging to the balustrade could she mount the wretched stairs. There were a few bits of broken wood in a corner, and with these she made a fire in the old stove, and crouched over, striving to gain some little warmth, while her husband slumbered heavily upon the bed in the corner, to which he had staggered on his entrance.

Thus an hour passed by, and Ruth also fell asleep. The silence, the pleasant warmth at her feet, the fancy that all her trouble was over for the night, lulled her to pleasant dreams. From them she was awakened by the loud ringing of the factory-bell and by the sound of cries and shouts in the street below. She cast her eyes towards the bed—her husband was not there. She flew to the window,—the street below was full of factory boys with their tin kettles. Some great jest amused them mightily. They roared, they danced, they tossed their ragged caps on high, they shrieked in unmusical laughter; and the object of all this mad mirth was only too evident.

Wild with terror, Ruth rushed out into the street, and made her way through the crowd to the spot where her husband stood; but, before she had reached him, the scene had changed.

Some boy, more brutal than the rest, had thrown a handful of mud into Edward Holly's face, and he, reeling and blaspheming, had dashed forward to revenge the act.

And now the whole horde of boys beset the drunken man, pelting him with sticks and stones and decayed vegetables from the kennel, and revelling in the brutal delight with which such a scene always seems to inspire boys of the lower classes.

She cared nothing for the jeers of the mob; before them all, she flung her arms about him, and interposed her beautiful person between him and his assailants. The head that had carried itself a little proudly in the presence of the highest of the land, dropped itself low upon the bosom of the drunken wretch who was the

jeer and scorn of a low mob; and only in love and pity, and not in anger, did she speak to him.

"Come home, Edward! they'll hurt you my poor love, come home with me."

Mad as he was, filled with the demons of drink, to the exclusion of the soul God had given him, the soft, sweet voice, the fond touch of the white fingers awakened some memory of the past in the man's breast.

"Go you home, girl!" he whispered, "I'll kill them! Don't fret. I'll kill 'em, and—"

"Come home, darling," she whispered again, and he stopped and gave her a kiss. At that the boys yelled derisively, and flung more mud and stones at them. One threw a stone, a heavy stone, sharp-pointed and jagged. Whether he even intended to strike the man is doubtful; but the missile flew fiercely through the air and crashed against the golden head of the devoted wife. A stream of blood gushed from the white temple and poured down upon the bosom, where it dropped never to lift itself again—never, never more. Only with a quivering shudder of pain she felt for the face of the man who had sworn to love and cherish her, and had broken that vow so utterly while her's had been so truly kept.

"Good bye, Edward," she whispered. "I can't see you now; kiss me. Oh, be good to baby! be good to baby!" and no word more.

The crowd was hushed to silence. The culprits slunk away in terror. A sobered man bent over the dead woman, whose hands had dropped away from his breast, the love and truth and tenderness of her heart were all manifest to him in that terrible moment—manifest in vain, for repentance could not restore her to life, nor blot out the love which had crushed her heart through all those weary days of her sad married life.

You may even now sometimes hear a strange wild cry in the street, through which a drunken creature reels and staggers, howling ever and anon, "Ruth! Ruth! Ruth!"

It is Edward Holly, who, ever in his drunken madness, searches for his murdered wife. It is the pitiful, horrible, heart-breaking wreck of the once splendidly-beautiful man of talent, who had only ONE FAULT.

GETTING RELIGION.

BY R. D. BURR.

RELIGION and goodness are equivalent words. A good man is a religious man. Goodness and religion are synonymous in the New Testament, if not in the popular judgment. The reason why they are not commonly so regarded is because the current idea of religion is of a kind that sets at naught the attempt to understand it. Something men are seeking after as that to which by all that is holy and good they feel they must attain, but of what it is, they are ignorant. "We want religion," they say. What is that? Something hard to tell, precisely, or even vaguely, what; but something it is, very mysterious, very profound, which if they obtain they are saved, and if foregone they are lost. Life with thousands is spent in seeking after this same "religion." Talk to them about keeping the commandments as Jesus did, and they spurn your words as if coming from the enemy of souls. "Do you enjoy religion?" asks one of another. The idea is by no means, Do you love to do as God says you ought—do you love to keep the precepts of Jesus? but do you enjoy a something, no one can tell what?

This way of speaking is of the essence of cant; and as the word religion is often used, it is cant. The whole source of the trouble under which good, honest souls labour, is found in not asking the exact meaning of the word religion, and very likely the New Testament can give the answer. Religion there means service; and to enjoy religion means to find pleasure in doing the will of God. Some of those who say so much about enjoying religion are utterly forgetful that the words have any relation to doing the will of God. They are thinking of some third-heaven joy, or seventh-heaven ecstacy—some vision divine, some glorious trance, some beatific uplifting from the earth, some inexpressible bliss, or some rapture indescribable—and unless something of this sort attends their life, they feel they have not got, and they do not enjoy religion. The thought that religion means being good and doing good—and especially this latter—never seems to have entered their minds. First, do the will of God, and the pleasure will most intimately attend the performance That is the enjoyment of religion which all of us

can and ought to possess ; all else is its counterfeit.

It is often urged against us as a reproach, that we mean to be saved by our good works, as if this was the means of our salvation, and of finding the love and peace of God in our souls. Good works show that we are saved, not that we shall be by and by ; not that in the future life we shall have as our reward, oh ! so much of happiness ; but that now we are redeemed, washed, purified. What is it to be saved ? Not to have happiness chiefly—because happiness is an effect of our being redeemed from the power and sway of evil. Redemption from this is salvation—saved from sin—the strength of sinful feelings broken down, the supremacy of the good established—and the good works show that salvation, in just the true sense of the word, has been effected. Good works are not the means of it. They manifest it, prove it, declare that we are saved, because, if not, we should go on in the practice of wrong as before. So, then, first and always, what is your life ?

Let us contrast one of these ecstatic men or women, of the revival, camp-meeting sort, with one who, in the understanding of the language of Jesus, is religious. He is faithful in doing his duties by his fellow-men ; is kind, honest, charitable ; as a father he fulfils all that is required of him ; he does not lie, nor cheat ; he means every day to live better than the day before towards God and man ; he is interested in the prosperity of public worship ; he speaks true, loving words each day ; he is conscious of moral failures, and is seeking of God the power of amendment—go so far, and the verdict of the so-called religious world is, he is very good, but he has no religion ; whereas, according to the criterion of the New Testament, he has all the traits requirer for being called a religious man, and a lover of God ; and has the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven. To those who thus live, in the discharge of the duties of their daily lives, true in the sphere in which they find themselves placed of God, the blessings of God are expressly, unequivocally promised, and are consciously enjoyed.

If religion consists in doing the will of God, then, and at once, it follows, when we do His will we are religious ; a conclusion so self-evident, I am persuaded no one will think of denying its legitimacy. The one great thought which we should remember is that religion is doing the will of God ; and he is a religious man who is seeking to do it ; that, whereas we are religious by fits and starts, we ought to exalt this spirit, which rules us occasionally, into the supreme place in our souls. Do not talk about getting religion a week or month hence ; because now we can begin to be so. We can now begin to do our duty by God and man ; and so we can now be religious. It is only the instant discharge of what we know to be our duty. We are irreligious in being unwilling to do what we know our God demands. We can "have religion"—as the phrase is—we can "experience religion," of which we hear so much—not in the sense in which this language is so often used by men—but in its true sense, just as soon as we are ready to do our duty, be it of the great or small.

What plain things God requires of us all ! I am surprised that any one should make any mystery of our duty. I am grieved when about this subject of religion so much mystery is cast, that the humble and sincere seeker after light and peace is troubled beyond expression, by thinking he must do something, he cannot tell what ; feel something, he knows not what ; expect something, he cannot for the life of him tell what it is like ; or God is forever offended with him, and has everlastingly cast him off.

Religion is but the discharge of our duty ; and so everywhere can we be religious ; so everywhere must we be religious ; and we should examine ourselves to see what kind of a life we are leading ; for on the answer to this question depends the answer to the question. Have I yet got religion, or for it have I further and longer to strive ?

WHAT ARE WOMAN'S RIGHTS ?

The right to wake when others sleep ;
The right to watch, the right to weep ;
The right to comfort in distress ;
The right to soothe, the right to bless ;
The right the widow's heart to cheer ;
The right to dry the orphan's tear ;
The right to feed and clothe the poor,
The right to teach them to endure ;
The right when other friends have flown
And left the sufferer all alone,
To kneel that dying couch beside
And meekly point to Him who died ;
The right a happy home to make
In any clime for Jesus' sake :
Rights such as these are all we crave
Until our last—a peaceful grave.

Mr. SHARPE'S NEW TESTAMENT.

As I believe that very many of the readers of The Christian Freeman possess copies of my translation of the New Testament, it may interest them to be told of what passages I could wish had been rendered otherwise than they are. These are not numerous, because I had in each former occasion introduced such changes as further study had shown me to be necessary.

Matt. iv. 5. For "pinnacle of the of the temple," read battlement of the temple. The force of the Greek word is learned from the corresponding Hebrew word, as the language of the New Testament is very much moulded upon Hebrew.

Luke, vi. 34. For "to receive back as much," read "to receive back what is fitting;" that is, the money lent, with suitable interest. The Greek word, though literally "equal," often in the N. T. means "what is fitting."

Acts, xxvi. 28. For "Almost thou persuadeth me to be a Christian," read "In a few words though art persuading me to be a Christian;" that is, thou art trying to persuade.

Romans, i. 25. For "changed the truth of God into a falsehood," read "changed the truth of God by their falsehood."

1 Cor. xiv. 27. For "let it be by two or at most by three, and in turns, and let one interpret," read "let it be by two, or at most by three words at a time, and in portions, and let one interpret."

1 Thess. iv. 2. For "what commands we gave you by the Lord," read "what commands we gave you as from the Lord." The Apostle here uses a figure borrowed from the theatre, where the actors, speaking in character, wore a mask through which he spoke; and thus the words, "commands given through the Lord" mean "given as speaking for him."

Heb. i. 3. For "An image of his substance," read "an image impressed from his substance," as the image is impressed on the sealing-wax by the substance of the seal.

Heb. vii. 24. For "Hath his priesthood unchanging," read "Hath a priesthood that passeth not to another," therefore not like the hereditary priesthood of the Jews.

1 Peter, i. 7. For "So that the trial of your faith," read "so that your faith when tried—" literally, the trial piece of your faith, the piece cut off to be tried in the furnace, as is the case when the worth of a lump of gold is to be tried.

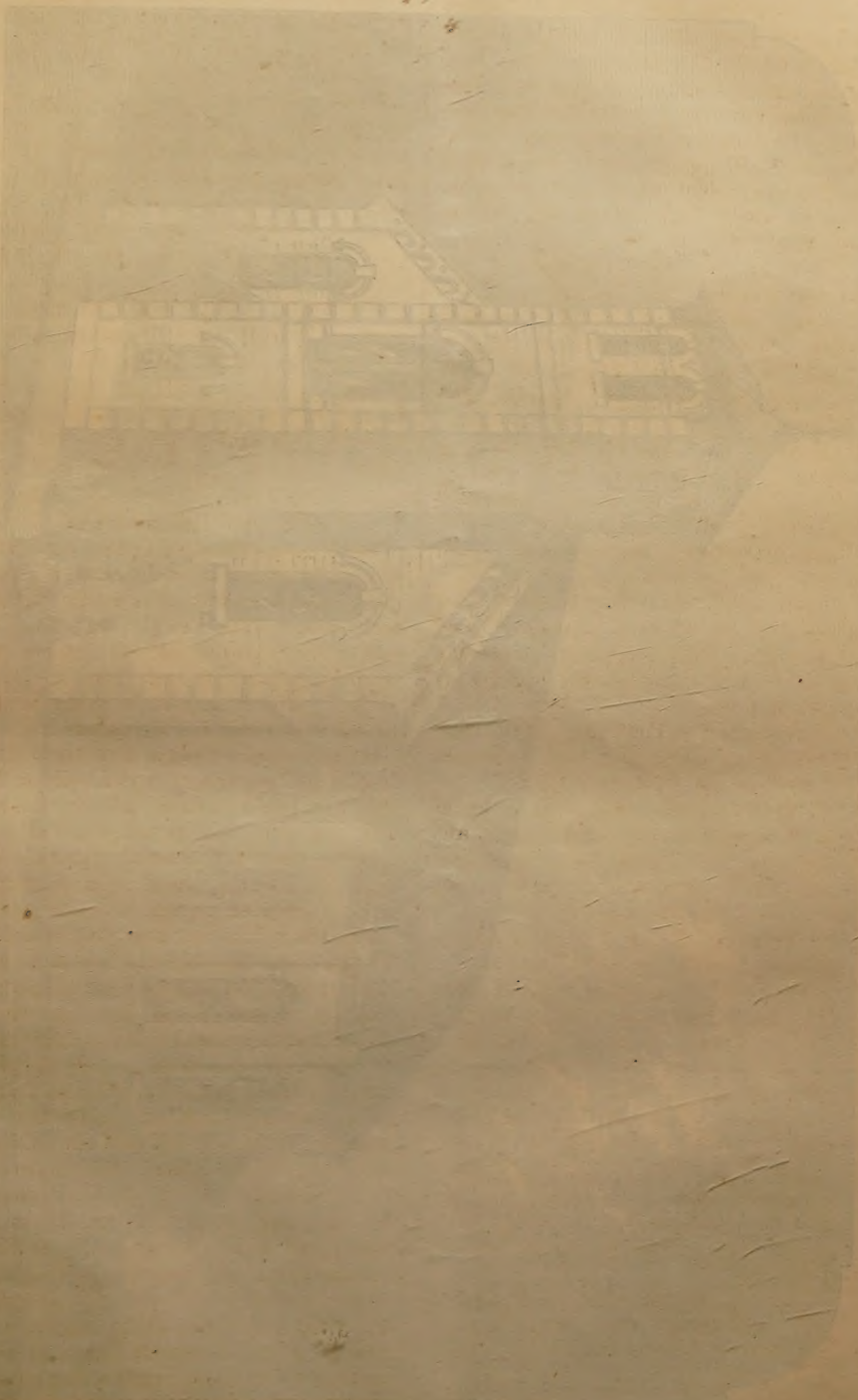
I will add one more passage, in which a learned friend pointed out to me that I had altered the Authorised Version for the worse, having mistaken the tense of the verb. This is in Acts viii. 25. For "He was being taught the way of the Lord," read as is the Authorised, "He had been taught."

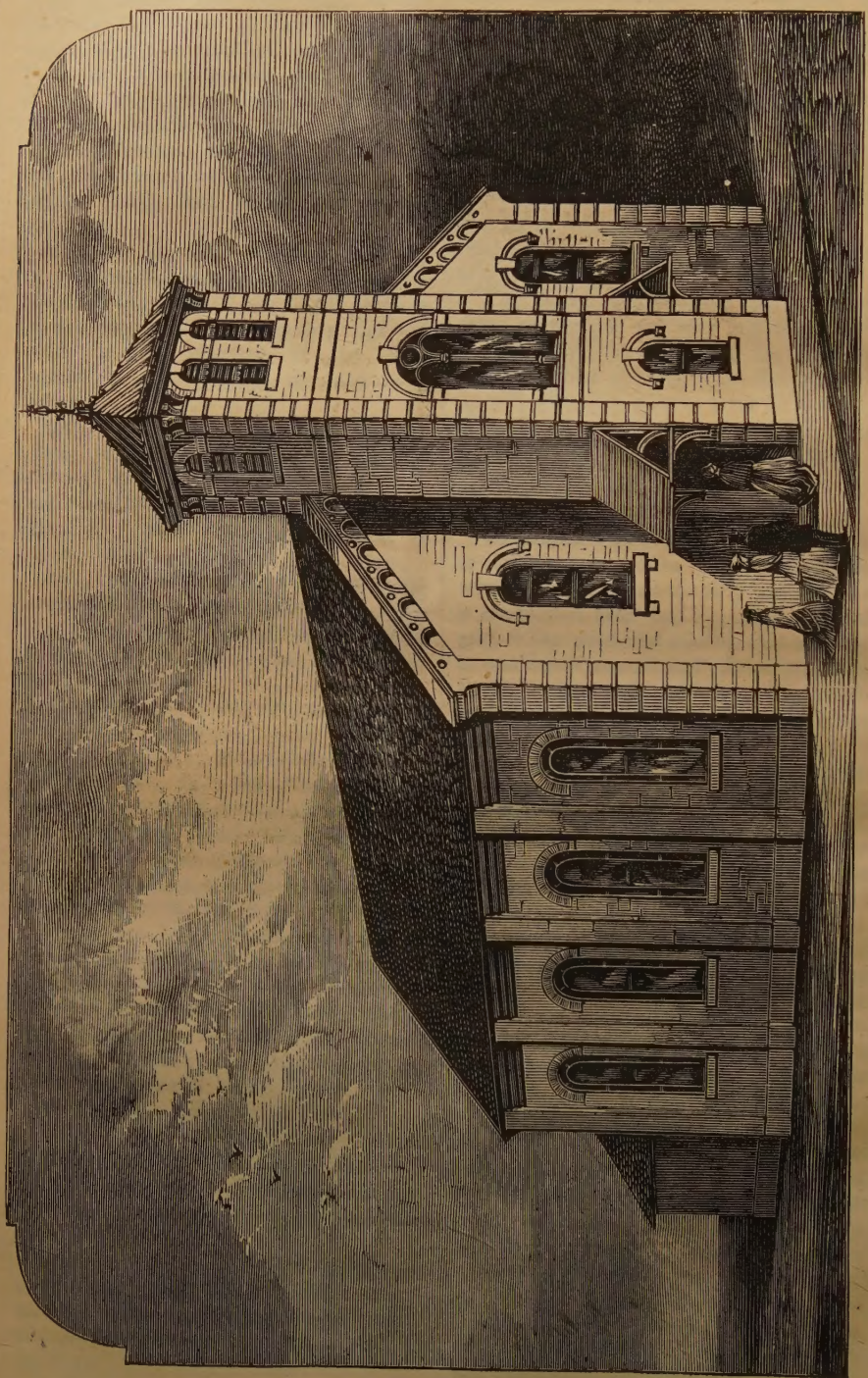
The reader will perceive that many of these corrections are very important, not theologically, but for giving the sense of passages which are otherwise obscure, and he will do well to correct them for himself, with the pen, in the margin of his own copy.

Samuel Sharpe.

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

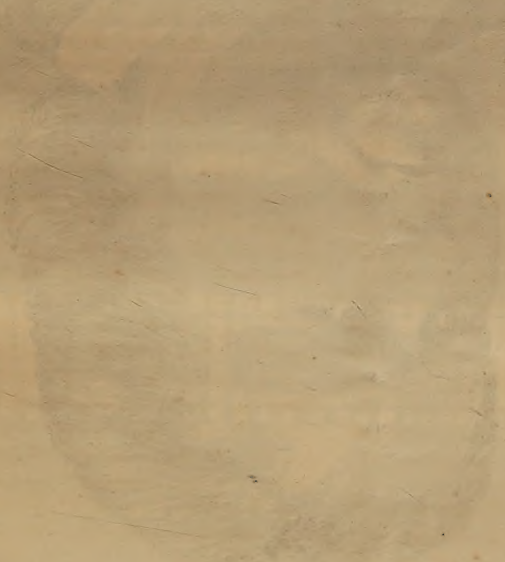
Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to die." The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on singing. And when the bright days of autumn came the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colours because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in colour, it saw that the branches of the tree had no colour in them, so it said, "O, branches! why are you lead colour, and we golden?" "We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire into the air, and then it fell gently among hundreds of leaves, and dreamed, and never waked.





STRATFORD UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.



STRATFORD NEW UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

Our engraving this month represents the new chapel, which will be completed in a few weeks time, at Stratford, near London.

During the past eleven years the Rev. T. Rix has laboured in that locality, in the most earnest and disinterested way, to sustain Unitarian Christian worship, and diffuse our views among the people of Bow and Stratford, the extreme east of London. It is sometimes said that the converts from other bodies to Unitarianism soon have all their zeal and energy taken out of them by the cold intellectualism of our doctrines and denomination; it has not been so with Mr. Rix, who, for many years, had been an itinerant minister in several large towns of both north and south in England, and sustained as such by the Methodist body. After his adoption of Unitarian views he secured a chapel, not far from where the new chapel is now being built, and has most generously and constantly presided over this small congregation, the population being thin at that place. During the whole of these eleven years Mr. Rix has asked and received nothing for his services, but "kept watch and ward, all for love and nothing for reward." We may add he is a man of very humble means, and yet has liberally subscribed to the erection of this new building. The short lease of the old chapel having been sold, an excellent freehold site for the new was secured in the very midst of a population of not less than 60,000 people, where the Great Eastern Railway employ about 1400 workmen. Thomas Chatfield Clarke, Esq., of London, kindly furnished plans for the above; and four members of the committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association have been chosen, with others at Stratford, as trustees. The sum of £500 has been raised, and other £500 are needed to pay the cost of this building. The present members of Mr. Rix's congregation are chiefly persons of small means, but have generously subscribed for the new edifice. We have never, with deeper sincerity, commended the claims of any struggling church to the liberal support of our readers than we do in this case. When we remember the sacrifices and the constant gratuitous services of a man like Mr. Rix, who willingly gave up his former position, cast in his lot with our denomination, and has done his utmost in the midst of many difficulties, and is willing to toil and give to the uttermost for the worship of the *one* true and living God, he ought to be helped to the utmost of our means. Mr. Rix is the treasurer of the new building fund, and his address is No. 1, Manbey-street, Stratford, London.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Our engraving this month represents this eminent thinker and writer. For fourteen years she has been before the public as an authoress of some of the most profound essays on morals and religion, and also of many useful and interesting treatises of a lighter and perhaps of a more instructive character. Miss Cobbe has always been a devout admirer of the late Theodore Parker, and a few years ago edited his complete works. She is an inheritor of one of Parker's lamentable weaknesses, and like him, ever and anon is fighting against the supernatural in religion, and therefore, narrowing the province of an undoubted experience, which has both directed and quickened the religious life of our race. On the question of what religion in its essence is we agree with this able authoress. But on the question of the instrumentalities which God has provided for the education of the world, we take broader ground than Miss Cobbe. For the present, no more on this matter; and our readers will be better entertained by an extract from "Dawning Lights," in which she very justly shows that an improvement is needed among the churches on the thought of death, and illustrates her able style of writing

"Christianity (as has always been boasted) has taken away the sting of death and robbed the grave of its victory. Practically, although millions of Christians have died, some peacefully, some triumphantly, 'in sure and certain hope' of a blessed resurrection, it is a fact that death is more terrible in Christendom than elsewhere, and that the spontaneous sentiments of Christians have surrounded it with gloom and horror unknown to the ancient or the heathen world. How much of this dark shadow is due to the fear of eternal woe

(a fear, as I have elsewhere remarked, peculiar to Christians, and unshared by Jews, Moslems, Parsees, Buddhists, or Brahminists) I shall not now inquire. It appears to me to be at least partially attributable to the deeper thoughtfulness, the intenser feeling brought out by Christianity, especially among the races of German origin. Even now in Southern Europe, the shallow-heartedness wherewith death is treated, the desertion of the dying by wife and child, brother and mother, is in striking contrast to the tenderness of northern nations. But alike in North and South, amid both the coarse and the affectionate, death is made doubly dark and terrible by all the circumstances wherewith we surround the brief path from the home to the grave.

"The truth is, that the mass of men really believe neither the promises nor the threats of the churches to which they belong. If they believed the threat of eternal fire, they would go mad; and if they believed the promise of paradise, they would bear their dead to the cemetery, not on hearses surrounded by mutes, but in triumphal chariots with songs of joy. They have just enough of faith in heaven and faith in hell to neutralise each other; and at the same time to do away with the solemn desolation of the thought of annihilation. Nothing remains but the ugly and dreary physical reality, and this they typify very accurately by the sordid and vulgar pomp of the undertaker.

"Is this to go on always amongst us? Will the faith of the future have no better effect than the faith of the past, if not in reconciling us to the dread destroyer, yet in elevating and ennobling our behaviour at his visitations? Let us try to think what we ought to feel about death—we who believe in a living God in whom the dead live for ever.

"A child who for the first time sees a dead bird shrinks with something like awe from the tiny form which an hour ago it would have longed to caress. I should think poorly of that man's heart who could look indifferently at the stiffened limbs and glazed eyes of his dog, and touch carelessly the coat, grown cold and harsh, which once quivered with pleasure as the poor brute nestled under his hand. It is not only regret which the man feels for the loss of his humble friend and all his unquestioning love; it is not mere pity the child experiences for the linnet whose short life of song is over. Both child and man feel something more than this. They feel that death is a terrible thing. Something that was warm and beautiful has gone out, and a chill and dreary void is in its place.

"Far deeper is the awe of human death. Unless long familiarity or coarse obtuseness of nature has benumbed all keener sense, the presence of a corpse is enough to sober and solemnise the most frivolous of us all. We enter the chamber where the sick or paralysed sufferer has long lain in a condition we have called "next to death." We come with quiet but cheerful step, perhaps hoping to bring some alleviation of misery. But we are arrested at the door as by a cold hand on our heart, On the bed before us we see no more a human being, only an awful semblance of one. We are in the presence of death:

If it be death when there is felt around
A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare
And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
Corruption from the spirit passing forth
And giving all it shrouded to the earth,
And leaving, as swift lightning in its flight,
Ashes and smoke and darkness!

"None who know the face of death marvel at the direful superstitions which have hung curtains of divine wrath over that dark portal through which God leads us to the unseen world. But can we discern no better reason for that solemn shade than the fabled primeval curse? Let us think.

"Could our lives have gone on unchanged for centuries and millenniums upon earth, what must have been the result? Would not this world's affairs, its interests and passions, pains and pleasures, have engrossed us wholly? Would not the sense of our dependence upon God, and all the awful realities of the moral world, have become to us like a vision? A funeral, with its slow train winding through the crowded streets, is not an acted symbol like those of the prophets of old. Th glory of this world, and all its power and pleasure and traffic and ambition, pass away as a tale that is told. All the thousand interests for which these crowds are hastening hither and thither so eagerly, have already ceased to exist for him who lies, still and silent, under yonder black

pall, travelling to his long home. . . . No other rest is anything like this. It sinks into our stormy souls till we, too, sit still and motionless. We start with terror if the drapery of the white bed slip but an inch. He who lies there will never move again. Is not that day full of divine pity? Is it not God's great tenderness which thus throws a sunset light over the deserted temple ere He suffers it to drop into ruins, so that our last thought of it may be of beauty and infinite repose?

"And afterward? That dread, that hideous change, which wrings the heart and bewilders the brain to think of. There is mercy even there. Could we keep that poor form under its winding-sheet, as we long to do in its beautiful peace, and make for it a fane in some chamber in our homes, and kneel beside it when our hearts were bursting with their grief, what would be the result? Then we could never dissever the thought of our lost friend from that of the frame we cherished; we could never think of him as free and blessed in God's better world above; but only as cold and silent, joyless and unloving here. God compels us to remember that it is only the garment of the soul which it has laid by; and which we fain must leave 'folded upon the narrow shelves' of the grave. We shudder at first and writhe in our despair to think of all that death means; of what may now be the features on which our very hearts doted so fondly. We dare not speak of it. Only when the snow falls or the wintry rain beats on our window, we shrink and ask ourselves where is the one whom we guarded from every breath? For a long time it seems always that we are neglecting somewhat we yet might do for him. At last the merciful order of Providence accomplishes its purpose. We go no longer "to the grave to weep there;" but we look up through the summer sky, and believe that somewhere in that bright expanse our beloved ones live rejoicing in the holy smile of God.

This is the *natural* view of death. Shall we never attain to it, and show a faith whose emblems might fitly be palms and lilies, the anchor, the butterfly, the dove, white robes and everlasting flowers; and not black plumes and sable pall, the broken column and the extinguished torch?

CONVERTS TO UNITARIANISM.

To try to spread religious truth, and to point out the error of false doctrines—that is, of what we think false doctrines—seems such a natural duty that it ought not to be necessary to say one word in its favour. But, unfortunately, this is far from being the case. There is at all times a large party who, from one reason or another, think it best to leave the world in its ignorance and its mistakes. Some do this in idleness, some in selfishness, and some in timidity. They say that they do not wish to unsettle people's opinions, that religious error is not important, and that inquiry and thought are rather troublesome than beneficial. In short, they say, "the people wish to be misled in these matters, and so let them be misled." Now we ask, Is this right? What if the apostles had refused to unsettle the opinions of the pagans? What if Luther and the Reformers had refused to unsettle the opinions of the papists of their day? And if it was right in the apostles and the reformers to point out what they thought the errors of their neighbours, is it not equally right for us to try to convince our Trinitarian neighbours that they are in error, if we really think so? Sad to say, there is a party among us Unitarians who are contented to hold our most valuable opinions for themselves, but take no trouble to spread these opinions. They have ready a variety of reasons to justify themselves in making no such attempt. Now this seems a sadly selfish policy. If Unitarian opinions are true, that is, if we think them so, it must be right to give to others an advantage we think we possess. No Unitarian would profess the worldly maxim—"If the people like to be misled, then let them be misled." But many act, or rather remain without acting, as if following that selfish rule.

From such inactivity it seems at this time our especial duty to rouse ourselves. Much of the ignorant prejudice which, some years ago, made people refuse to listen to our arguments is removed. Whenever in sermons or lectures we invite strangers to hear our explanation of Unitarianism, there are always many to listen, and not a few to express approval. The path is open before us, full liberty of teaching is allowed us, not only by law, but by the public feeling.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

THERE lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow-lady of the Lambertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who, in a revolution of the State, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the Cathedral; her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity; her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a Court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief, and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing when, in my youth, I passed that way.

There she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction.

It was at noon-day, in September, that three foot-travellers arrived, and seating themselves on a bench, under her vine trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short, and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence, for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes, and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war, and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel—if a service it could be called—where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in conversation.

At length they rose to go, and the Venetian thus addressed their hostess. "Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may," she replied, gaily. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?"

"In your word, lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the Church, for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment?"

"If you will write it.'"

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village-physician, who had just called on his mule to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one, nor to two, but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia, and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done," and she placed it on a table before him. But, in that moment, she was called away to receive a cavalier who had just dismounted from his horse, and when she came back it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible, and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as, in an agony of grief, she threw herself on her daughter's neck. "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child; would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented, but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna, and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully, or in neglience, she had parted with the gold; she had parted with it to

one, when she should have kept it for all, and inevitable ruin awaited her! "Go, Gianetta,' said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn, and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give, and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now, Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and, by his contemporaries, was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of doctors, the light of the world. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch, and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts from the subject; a precaution, in this instance at least, unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced? "Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now, my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises, and thus addresses them. "Reverend Signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day (for, who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

HOPE ON.

THE day is done:
Soft as a dream the sunset fades and dies,
And silent stars amid the dusky skies
Shine one by one.

The shadows wait:
And climbing upward over spires and towers,
Seem drawing softly this dull earth of ours
To heaven's gate.

We wait the night
With no vain thought of darkness or of dread,
But dreams of peace for weary heart and head,
And slumbers light.

We wait, nor fear
The few short hours of silence and of gloom
Before the eastern hills shall blush with bloom
And morn be near.

* * * * * * *

My God! my all!
When the dim hour grows near us by Thy grace
To meet Thy white death-angels face to face
And hear Thy call;

When life lies low—
A gasping shadow by the altar stairs
That leadeth up from darkness unawares
To heaven's glow;

Then let us wait
In faith and trust with prayers and blessings fond—
All mindful of the morning light beyond—
Before the gate.

Not sore distrest,
But calmly folding life's dull garb away;
Lie down in peace to wait the coming day
And find our rest.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

THE RULING PASSION.—A pawnbroker of Paris, in his last agonies, observing that the priest, as usual, presented a little silver crucifix before his eyes, mistook it for a pawn, and had just strength enough to say, "Alas, I can afford but a small matter upon that."

AN EARNEST PREACHER.—A young lady took her younger brother, a little boy of three or four years old, to church. The preacher was an earnest man, and spoke very loud. During the sermon she saw the little fellow in tears, and asked him what was the matter with him. He sobbed out, "That man is hollering at me."

A HINT ABOUT DEFAMING GOD.—Plutarch, the celebrated Greek author, thought an atheist not nearly so blameable as the man whose theological opinions described God as partial and cruel to any portion of mankind, saying that he had much rather people should assert that there never had been such a man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was a wicked and unjust man.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.—When President Harrison was leaving home he was advised to get a big dog to keep the boys from stealing his fruit. The President replied, "I would sooner get a Sunday School teacher to tell the boys better than to steal. Find the boys a teacher, and I will give them apples enough."

LOGICAL AND INEVITABLE. — Rev. E. W. Whately, an Irish incumbent, has undertaken to say that if his father, the famous Archbishop of Dublin, had lived to take part in the present struggle on the Irish Church, he would have been found on the side of Mr. Disraeli. "He would have been either for the disestablishment of both the Irish and English Churches, or for neither."

LOVE.—One morning I found little Dore busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked. A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced towards her mother, who was rocking the baby, "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

FEARFUL MISUSE OF CHRIST'S DEATH.—Much excitement has prevailed in the town of Hythe during the past week in consequence of the suicide of Miss Watts, daughter of the mayor, who committed self-destruction by throwing herself into the Royal Military Canal. It appears that the young lady was a most estimable and benevolent person, and with her sisters was invariably engaged in the work of education, visiting the sick, &c. On Monday last she left home about noon, saying that she was going for a walk, and between one and two her body was found in the Royal Military Canal by a bargeman. On the banks of the canal were found her umbrella and a prayer-book, in which she had hastily written a few lines to her parents, begging them forgive her for what she was about to do; and adding that her sins "were washed away in Jesus' blood."

A CONFORMIST CURED OF CONFORMITY.—The Emperor Charles V. was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, it is said, on his own folly in having bestowed so much time and labour on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the profound and mysterious doctrines of religion.—*Robertson's History.*

A REVIVALIST HYMN.—The new style of hymn introduced by the "Revivalists," and written not merely for this generation but for this year, says the *Western Morning News*, really surprises us by the descent which it makes into irreverence, not to say blasphemy The most recent specimen of this kind of literature is from the pen of Mr. Wm. Weaver. Here is the first verse:—

I've given my heart to Jesus,
And mean to keep it so!
If the devil wants to have it all,
I'll tell him—"Not for Joe."

And so through other five verses, "Not for Joe" is the refrain. The last is, perhaps, the most extraordinary:—

Lord give me strength to fight,
And battle every foe;
If tempted to forsake my God,
To cry out—"Not for Joe."

TRANSUBSTANTIATION PRACTICALLY REFUTED.—While the Ritualists are disputing about the exact meaning that should be attached to the words "Real Presence," when applied to the Eucharist, a curious and painful incident has occurred in Hungary, which recalls a famous controversy on the same dread theme. In the act of celebrating mass, the prior of a convent held out the sacramental chalice in order that the attendant might mix water with the wine. Either from accident or design, the attendant poured in, not water, but sulphuric acid, and, having drunk the deadly mixture, the priest was at once scorched beyond the hope of recovery, and was buried a few days afterwards. The occurrence irresistibly calls to mind an old question which used to perplex theologians and scandalise the Church. If, it was asked, the elements were poisoned, would there still be a Real Presence in the bread and wine? Irreverent and pedantic as it now seems, the question once occasioned many a hot debate.

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